

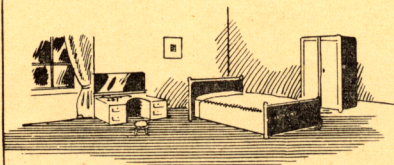
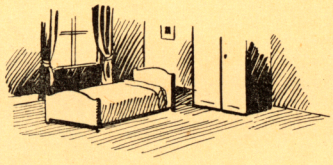
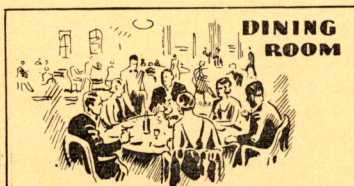

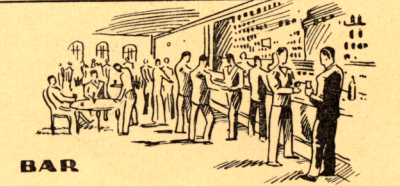
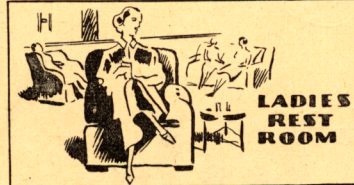
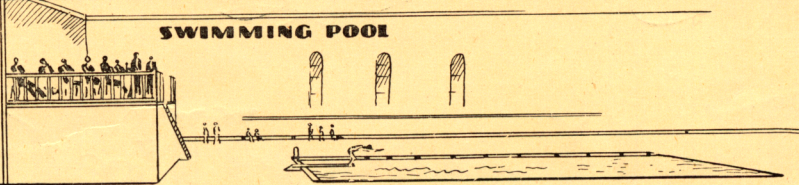
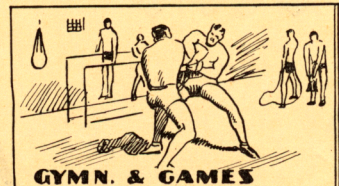



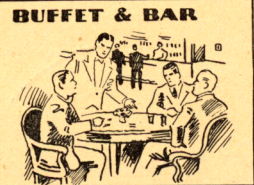
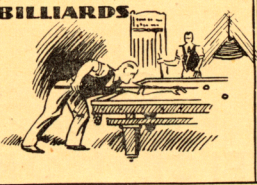
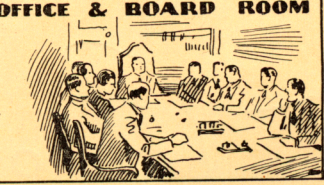
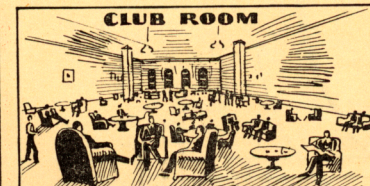


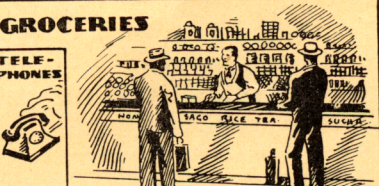

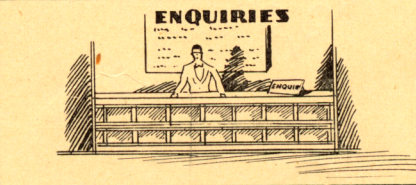
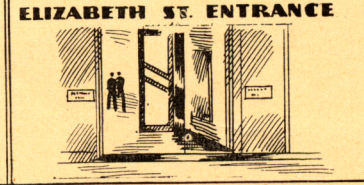
Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.

Vol. 15. No. 10. December, 1942.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

 BEDROOMS 			FLOOR 5		
 DINING ROOM	 LOUNGE	 BAR	FLOOR 4		
 LADIES REST ROOM	 SWIMMING POOL		FLOOR 3 me 33.		
 GYMN. & GAMES	 TREATMENT			FLOOR 3	
 CARD ROOMS	 BUFFET & BAR	 BILLIARDS	 OFFICE & BOARD ROOM	FLOOR 2	
 CLUB ROOM	 BAR	 BARBER	 GROCERIES TELE- PHONES SUGAR	FLOOR 1	
 CASTLEREAGH ST. ENTRANCE			 ENQUIRIES	 ELIZABETH ST. ENTRANCE	GROUND FLOOR



Established 14th May,
1858.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB will race at Randwick on January 9th. This will keep intact the unbroken series of 78 years.

A missing chapter to this chronicle of the lives of great sportsmen and the performances of great horses would not be relished by sportsmen of the British breed.

So, taking example from the Motherland of the British Commonwealth of Nations, we carry on while the biggest war in history moves towards a shattering climax.

All the time we are sensible of our responsibilities. Tattersall's Club is playing its part in accordance with its tradition of service.

In this we rely upon the goodwill of members, and renew our appeal for continued loyal co-operation in this season of remembrance.

The Club Man's Diary

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS: 7th, Mr. F. Z. Eager; 8th, Mr. E. A. S. Watt; 10th, Mr. A. J. McDowell; 12th, Messrs. W. Gourley and J. C. Warren; 13th, Mr. E. S. Pratt; 20th, Mr. E. W. King; 25th, Mr. W. S. Sherman; 26th, Mr. Jack Blume; 28th, Mr. M. Gearin; 29th, Mr. E. J. Hazell; 30th, Mr. C. S. Brice.

* * *

I wrote previously of the peculiar men met in a day's march. Add to that list the fellow who greets me gustily, who is always eager to make an appointment to discuss "business"—although what might be the nature of the "business," or why he should choose to shower on me, a non-business man, this favour is a mystery, and is likely so to remain. This strange being, a casual acquaintance and no more, seldom fails to note on the first scrap of paper he withdraws from his pocket my telephone number. If he retain these reminders, and if he happens one day to consult them he will proclaim me a fraud; for at every meeting I provide him with a different telephone number, at guess.

It is all so amazing and amusing.

* * *

A quip from "Truth": "Wanted a woman over 45 for sandwiches." This sign in a George Street coffee shop caused people to pause and wonder recently. Swaying unsteadily on his feet, a passer-by blinked up at the notice and, cocking his eye suspiciously, said: "I'm getting back ter sea. I'd sooner have bully beef any day."

* * *

How near the news brings Algiers; but how far away it seems to be, measured by time, when we recollect that poem in our primary school books, commencing: "A soldier of the Legion lay dying at Algiers." It used to reduce me to a state of emotional desolation.

* * *

After many years I met in the club Bob McCall, previously a brother newspaperman, now Acting-Federal Superintendent of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Translation of this admirable fellow to the rarefied atmosphere of his present

habitation was to be expected; for, as I remember, he was removed from the grubby level of news reporting before he bade the dailies adieu. Bob wrote the music commentary for the old "Daily Telegraph," and undoubtedly brought uplift to its pages. Occasional protesting voices from the sub-editorial basement—when a murderer came to be hanged and the narrative challenged all competition for space—found him culturally aloof and unmoved emotionally. He was concerned with the nuances; never with the nonentities.

Mr. McCall was responsible for the Celebrity recorded sessions from the A.B.C. which won the plaudits of a considerable audience—proving that the musically discerning in Australia are greater in number than sundry swing addicts think. Recently Mr. McCall distinguished himself in association with the British Broadcasting Corporation.

* * *

Latest Rommel "true story" (published by the "Sunday Telegraph"): Brigade Headquarters at an advance unit got this message from a trooper sent out to bring in water: "Rommel captured, returning on foot."

Out rushed a whole tank-squadron to meet him. There was the trooper, plodding across the desert, leading a camel by its head-rope.

"Where is he?" barked the Senior Officer.

"Where's 'oo?" inquired the trooper.

"Rommel," yelled the S.O., waving the message under his nose.

"Rommel captured," read the trooper interestedly. "Wot I said was 'camel ruptured.'"

* * *

Greetings, on behalf of very many friends, to Charlie Hall on his return to the club after a severe operation. He isn't as fit as in those days when, as a winger for Glebe (Rugby Union), he was posted opposite the redoubtable Nigel Barker, of University. But, everything considered, Time has not put up much of a score against him, and we are happy that so soon after the low tackle he should have been able to rejoin us.

A student endeavours to describe the difference between clerks and managers as follows:—

"A clerk is a man who knows a great deal about very little, and who goes on knowing more and more about less and less, until finally he knows everything about practically nothing.

"A manager is a man who knows very little about a great deal and who goes on knowing less and less about more and more until finally he knows nothing about practically everything."

* * *

There was a boy in my class at school who thought more quickly, acted more quickly, and brought to all movement, mental and physical, an extraordinary restlessness. Somewhere within him was located a dynamo. Where he would end, and how he would end, I often wondered. To-day's psychologists would index him as a "problem child." Actually, he has proved a problem to himself.

Always plotting great schemes, for ever on the go, he has not achieved anything of consequence, nor has he got anywhere in particular. Potentially he has the equipment to pursue purposes greater than enter into the calculations of the average person. But his handicap is that he cannot pause to sift the illusions from the realities. He is irked by restraint and impatient of advice. So he goes on chasing rainbows, tracking the crock of gold, but, in his own restless way, perfectly happy.

Other schoolfellows have long since submerged their ego in marriage, retired to the suburban plot, stayed put in the one menial job. They, in their sedate fashion, are happy also—proving that modern medical science has another think coming when it claims a capacity in clinical terms to standardise the pattern of human materials, de novo. No two men are born alike—and, certainly, no two women.

* * *

Kensington has finished as a race-course, and will become a sports-ground—probably assigned to women

—when the war is over. Kensington's first meeting was on Thursday, June 15, 1893, with G. B. Rowley as secretary, E. A. Wilson as handicapper and T. Watson as starter. Prize-money for six races totalled £250, the Kensington Handicap (14.2) of £80 being the only one exceeding £35. The Opening and Kensington Handicaps were won by Zulander, ridden by T. Woodgate. Genuine ponies were then numerous, and the 13.2 and 13.3 races respectively attracted 16 and 20 runners.

* * *

Sorry to record the death of T. V. (Tim) Healy, a man of legion friends. On the morning of Nov. 1 he had played a round of golf. In the evening he collapsed and his soul passed beyond the fairway. He had been a member of Tattersall's Club since 1931.

* * *

Before the war claimed the young men and made available to middle-agers jobs in civil life previously reserved for those under 40, the prejudice against "honourable grey hairs" was not so pronounced in America. New York City's Sales Executives' Club conducted a survey and reported that 80 per cent. of its members preferred for executive and selling employment men more than 40 years old. Reasons given were that the older men are better producers, more conscientious, less likely to deceive, more open-minded toward criticism. Also they accept unpleasant assignments more willingly and are more likely to bring in new ideas.

The "Detroit News" commented: "Stability is an asset of great value and easily offsets the loss of some of the strength and enthusiasm of youth. The man over 40 usually has come into right appreciation of home ties, community obligations and benefits, property responsibilities and the loyalties and duties which must be observed if harmonious and successful business and social relationships are to be preserved."

* * *

So many were wishing an earthquake on Japan that one of the company recalled an occasion when he

had seen the real thing in action from his office window in Tokio. A geisha girl—all dolled up and somewhere to go—was in a ricksha, passing along at the moment. Suddenly the buildings rocked, poles cavorted, and the earth waved. The ricksha-puller stumbled, fell, dropped the shafts, and Miss O'Kimi San described a complete somersault out of the ricksha, and landed in a sitting position just in front of the runner—very much disturbed, but facially as beautiful as ever.

* * *

A true story out of the past: A leading layman of Sydney wanted a mid-day meeting of prayer and intercession broadcast through a particular station every Wednesday. The mid-week pony races were a regular feature for that day and, so, the sporting editor protested. The layman had a pull, however, and in went the prayer meeting. Every telephone wire in Sydney connecting a subscriber-listener desiring race results was at once used in hot pursuit of the broadcasting station. Consequently, during a lull in the prayer meeting, over went the result of the 14.2 second division. The listeners should have been 50-50 saints and sinners—with, perhaps, a shade of odds on the sinners.

* * *

Until a hundred and fifteen years after the battle there survived a Waterloo pensioner. She was the widow of a soldier who had fought in the battle. At the time he was 18 years of age, and at the age of 60 married a woman of 22. She drew the pension until she died at 95. The span of their two lives was 133 years.

* * *

The prisoner sat calmly in the dock, allowing his counsel to challenge those who came up for the jury. Eventually appeared an under-sized, harmless-looking little chap. "Challenge!" roared the accused, springing to his feet. "Why?" demanded counsel. "He looks all right." The man in the dock beckoned counsel over and said: "He may look all right to you, but he looks to me like the bloke that introduced me to my wife."

GORDON'S LEAP.

A correspondent asked "The Bulletin: "Is there any confirmation of the story of Adam Lindsay Gordon's famous leap at the Blue Lake, Mt. Gambier, S.A.? What made him attempt the feat?

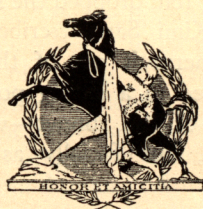
This was the reply: There are various stories concerning Gordon's leap. His companion or companions at the time the leap was made, his reason for making it, even the name of the horse he rode, vary in the different accounts. John Cameron, who was born at Penola Station near by in 1850, and was in his teens at the time of the leap, made a statement which appeared in the Melbourne "Sun" on February 29, 1924. He says that, at a club meeting in the hotel parlour following a day's hunting with the local hounds, members were discussing bygone hunting exploits, and at length Gordon offered to bet anyone in the room £100 that they would not follow him on the following day.

Bob Learmonth at once took up the wager. Learmonth was the owner of Ettrick Station in the western district, and also owner and rider of Ingleside, then one of the finest steeplechasers in Australia. He had won the steeplechase at Flemington on November 5, 1865. Gordon's horse was Modesty, a splendid little mare and a sterling jumper that had been taught many tricks by Gordon.

They went out the following day and Gordon finally led the way towards the southern and steep portion of the Blue Lake, suddenly wheeled Modesty around and put her to the fence. Learmonth, as he saw him, exclaimed "Good God, man, you're mad!" Modesty jumped the four-foot fence and then stood still in her tracks with only a yard to spare. It was a trick she had been taught, but this in no way detracted from the feat. To get back Gordon led her three or four panels further on where the space was just a little wider and there was room for a couple of strides. Then she jumped back again. Learmonth did not follow.

Another account is that a party of horsemen, of whom Gordon was one,

(Continued on Page 5.)



TATTERSALL'S CLUB SYDNEY

●

Members will recall that the Committee issued recently an appeal by notice in the Club and in the Club Magazine to limit the number of their guests to a minimum.

The Committee, at its latest meeting, considered a report on the number of visitors invited to the Club by members since October 1st.

While the Committee had no desire to curtail unduly the privileges of members, the problem of providing satisfactory service, owing to difficulties regarding staff and supplies, compelled it to review the position.

After consideration of all aspects of the matter, a decision was reached limiting to each member the privilege of inviting no more than four male guests a month, as from December 1st.

For the present it is not proposed to curtail the number of lady guests.

Members will appreciate the special circumstances which necessitated this decision.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

23rd November, 1942.

The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

was returning from a hunt, Gordon, as was his wont, riding some distance behind. One, looking back, saw the road clear. Then Gordon was seen sitting on his horse near the edge of the precipice, and though none saw the leap they knew it had been accomplished.

* * *

Most graphic description of this year's Melbourne Cup, as related by a racing writer in the club: "Just a horse race run at Melbourne. And that's praising it up!"

* * *

My view of the Melbourne Cup is that if it is to live up to its reputation as "a race of champions," "among the greatest handicaps in the world," and so forth, the minimum weight should be not less than 8 stone for four-year-olds and over. What about maiden performers? Some of these my maiden aunt could beat at catch weights.

Racing is kept going by the good horses, and these should come into their own at least once a year; a company of the elect contesting Australia's greatest race.

P.S.: Probably the foregoing will be quoted by an ardent reformer at the annual meeting of the V.R.C. 2042 A.D.

* * *

We used to regard as an all-time classic the sayin' of Bill Squires as to how he knocked out his opponents: "I jist hits 'em." Now, it would appear, that Bill's technique for simple effectiveness has been challenged in this club by a cigarette addict who had been noted for the

vigour of his purpose and the frailty of his resolutions. "I had tried every effort," he confessed, "until one day I just knocked them off."

So all you victims of a pet vice who have so often sought vainly to get it under, do not despair. Try simply knocking it off, and you're on a winner.

* * *

It was told in the club room that an owner who had got hold of a horse good enough to win a series at Randwick had been told later in a country district that full brothers and half brothers of the Randwick winner were racing locally. "Possibly," observed the Sydneysider. "Most good horses, like many good people, have poor relations."

* * *

There really was an American serviceman who wanted to back Carbine in the latest Melbourne Cup. Somebody had given it to him as a cert.

* * *

OUTBACK MEETING.

It was only a bush picnic meeting held on the private course of a pastoral property where I spent my school vacations, but it was remarkable for one extraordinary feature: the station owner was handicapper, starter, stipendiary steward, clerk of the scales and judge.

Standing on a box, he called them into line and set them off from a walk-up start by shouting "Go" as he waved a gamp downward.

His placings in close finishes were never questioned. As they returned to the starting place he pointed to

the placed horses in respective order. When he did not know how good, or how bad, was the form of a starter, or when he had no knowledge of its former performances, he would look it over, feel its legs—as you see show judges do—and declare its weight there and then.

Weight was adjusted generally by assigning the lighter riders to the more lightly weighted horses, and so forth. This fellow could judge a man's weight almost as correctly as he could estimate the weight of cattle on the hoof; and, if he could count hundreds of sheep by diverting them through a gateway and reckoning the tally as they jumped a hurdle, then he could pick one, two, three horses in a close finish.

When it was necessary to readjust the weight of a winning horse nominated for another race on that day, he simply ordered a heavier jockey up—one scaling near enough to the poundage he reckoned the horse should hump.

Any arguments about bets were referred to him. He didn't argue; he gave his decision. At the end of the meeting, the drinks were on him.

When the day came round that he died, strong men wept bitter tears. Yet, as I remember him, he was a hard man. Early and late, and no excuses. He did it himself and expected the same of others. But those who stuck to him he never forgot. He would relieve a necessitous case by giving in the one donation a sum larger than he paid a man in wages for a month. He didn't require thanks. That was his code. Our city civilisation doesn't breed his type. Our city civilisation hasn't got—well, whatever it is.

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB, SYDNEY

Carrington and Cup Meeting

RANDWICK RACECOURSE

SATURDAY, 9th JANUARY, 1943

THE DENMAN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 7th January, 1943; with £300 added. Second horse £60 and third horse £30 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **ONE MILE.**

THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 7th January, 1943; with £300 added. Second horse £60 and third horse £30 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **SIX FURLONGS.**

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 7th January, 1943; with £300 added. Second horse £60 and third horse £30 from the prize. For three-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **SEVEN FURLONGS.**

THE CARRINGTON STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 7th January, 1943; with £750 added. Second horse £150 and third horse £75 from the prize. **SIX FURLONGS.**

TATTERSALL'S CLUB CUP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £10 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 7th January, 1943; with £1,000 added. Second horse £200 and third horse £100 from the prize. **ONE MILE AND A HALF.**

THE TRIAL STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 7th January, 1943, with £300 added. Second horse £60 and third horse £30 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £100. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. **ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

THE ALFRED HILL HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 7th January, 1943; with £300 added. Second horse £60 and third horse £30 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. 7lb. **ONE MILE.**

CONDITIONS.

ENTRIES for the above races are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 p.m. on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1942.

and shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the nominator agrees to be bound.

WEIGHTS to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 4th January, 1943.

ACCEPTANCES for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 7th January, 1943, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

PENALTIES—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower-weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing.

Horses engaged in more than one race on the same day when one or the other of the races are affected by the condition of elimination, a horse shall be permitted to accept only for one race. Without a declaration by acceptance time as to the race preferred, a horse shall be considered as an acceptor in the first race engaged on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

T. T. MANNING,

Secretary.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Russian Pool Becoming Popular in England.

Members of the American Army at present in Australia have no difficulty in getting a game of "Kelly" in any billiards room, and Australians have taken to it like a duck takes to water. Wonder is that we have not seen more of Russian Pool or "Slosh," as it is most frequently termed.

This matter was touched on a few months back, but although a few of our members enjoy a game regularly, it is by no means popular with the multitude. Fact is, so little is known about it that it is passed over.

Last English mail brought the writer a letter from world's snooker champion, Joe Davis, and informs that "Slosh" is fast gaining ground in popular favour in English clubs.

Davis mentions that champion Tom Newman has played a lot of the five-ball game and finds it most entertaining. The rules are simple and were placed in the Rule Book of the B.A. & C.C. in 1904. Five balls are used: White (cue-ball), black, blue, green and yellow; each goes on its correct snooker spot.

Each colour has its specific pocket into which winning or losing hazards may be played, i.e., black (9 points) into either top pocket, blue (7) into either middle pocket, green (5) or the yellow (3) into either bottom pocket.

Sometimes the pink (6) ball is added, and is called a "Rover" and hazards can be made with it into any pocket on the table.

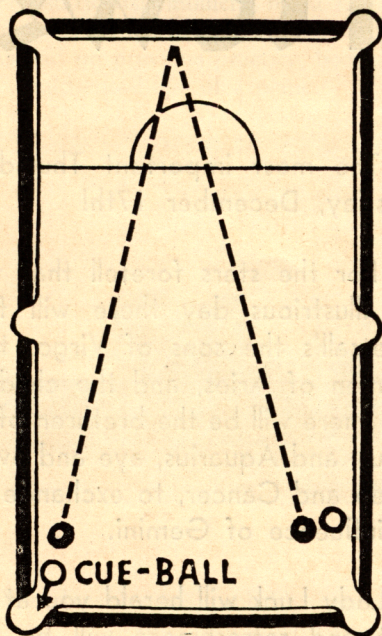
The more expert players object to presence of the pink, as it simplifies the game.

Opening stroke is played directly on to the black, and consecutive cannons, as in billiards, are limited to 25.

If a coloured ball comes to rest within one inch of a pocket to which

it does not belong, it is spotted on its correct spot, and you are not allowed more than three consecutive winning hazards of the same ball off the same spot without the conjunction of another score.

The Control Council evidently holds a high opinion of the game's possibilities, as a handbook has been



This is how champions get "position in one." Cue-ball is drawn back into top pocket while the red is driven down the table and back for easy position. Main ingredients for success are: Firm grip of cue, striking below centre and avoiding anything approaching force.

brought out dealing with it in detail. So far a copy has not appeared in the Commonwealth.

Investigation shows that "Slosh" has been played in Russia, with variations, for many years.

The tables and balls, in Russia, are slightly bigger than our standard 12 x 6, and in that country every shot has to be nominated.

A curious feature is that players are not allowed—in really strict games—to use the rest; but the best players make themselves proficient

in one-handed play and are credited with being skilful and accurate in potting with speed, run-through or stun, without the aid of a "jigger."

With so much Russian publicity at the moment it is quite possible Russian Billiards will come into our sports. It is highly entertaining.

The Short Jenny.

During the month one of our members, in a friendly game of billiards, appeared to be confronted with an abnormal number of centre-pocket jennies which, in every case, he avoided after stating: "I wish I knew how to play that shot; it is so pretty and so effective." He was right in both cases. Further, the short jenny is not nearly so difficult as imagined. Correct spotting of the cue-ball is, mostly, the key to the situation.

It is well to play centre-pocket jennies by taking the object-ball somewhat fuller than half-ball. Played this way the stroke will be found considerably easier. The fuller contact means the object-ball can be brought well away from the side cushion with a slower stroke than if the contact had been half-ball or less. Also, in the fuller than half-ball stroke the side imparted becomes much more developed.

It is profitable to play short jennies with "side," but excess must be avoided.

The best way of tackling almost any short jenny is to spot the cue-ball so that a half-ball stroke will take it to the furthest jaw. Aim slightly lower than centre of cue-ball to avoid drift and to retain any spin imparted.

It may read like something very involved but, in actual practice, is not so. Any player who cares to persevere with the stroke will add to his skill materially as a successful short jenny invariably means a particularly easy following leave.

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★ For those born from March 21 to June 20. Look forward to exciting time on the fifth day of the third week in December. You will be very lucky after 7 p.m.

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★ If born from Sept. 23 to Dec. 19. Watch for opportunities to advance personal fortune. Accumulative period most favourable 7-11 p.m. Thursdays, particularly third Thursday in December.

★ Persons born between Dec. 20 and March 20. Should seek renewal of friendships and introductions to overseas visitors on December 17. Financial opportunities excellent, especially after nightfall.



The most important Thursday in December for you is Thursday, December 17th!

For the stars foretell that from 7 p.m. on the night of that illustrious day there will foregather at the House of Tattersall's the sons of Virgo, the daughters of Saggitarius, the men of Aries, and the children of Capricorn and Pisces. Then there will be the brethren of Scorpio, the women of Libra, Taurus, and Aquarius, aye and even unto the fourth generation of Leo and Cancer, to exchange tokens with those born under the influence of Gemini.

Lady Luck will herald you at the Second Floor. Entertainment and refreshment will be there while the Goddess of Fortune beckons you to unlimber for the good of the cause.

The Stars have ordained that on this night we are to joyfully get together to replenish the coffers of

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CATAFIGHTERS

Most intrepid of Britain's airmen are the catafighter pilots of the Fleet Air Arm and the R.A.F., whose job is to be catapulted from a freighter's fo'c'sle to fight long-range German bombers.

Like a bee with one sting, the planes seldom make more than one action flight.

Except in rare cases, where its mother-ship is near shore, the plane has no landing place to which it can return after shooting down the enemy bomber.

Hundreds of miles out at sea one more merchant convoy was saved by

planes from warships for years. But 13 months ago, when Focke-Wulfes, Condors and Kuriers were taking such heavy toll of Atlantic convoys, Churchill decided to fit catapults to at least one ship in every convoy.

Since then not a single ship has been lost by air attack in any convoy accompanied by a Camship (Catapult Aircraft Merchantman).

Cheap at the Price.

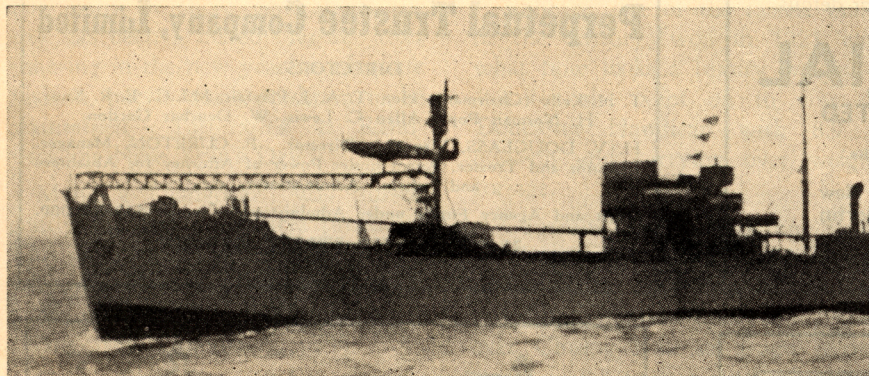
Most ticklish moment for a Catafighter is on his first "bang-off." He has had no previous practice, because it would entail loss of a plane.

his petrol runs out, then signals to the nearest naval escort ship, turns his plane upside down and parachutes to the sea.

He aims at bailing out half a mile ahead of the signalled ship, which reaches him by the time he floats down from less than 1,000 feet.

Seldom can the Hurricane be salvaged, but the loss of £5,000 to £7,000 involved is far more than offset by the valuable cargoes of food-stuffs and war materials saved, not to mention frequent destruction of a £60,000 to £70,000 Focke-Wulfe.

One of the first catafighters to receive the D.S.O. for destroying a Focke-Wulfe over the Atlantic was Lieutenant Everett, who won the Grand National on Gragalach in 1929.



A "Camship."

the Hurricane which catapulted from a fo'c'sle deck when a Focke-Wulfe Kurier long-range raider was sighted.

After shooting down the bomber, the British pilot patrolled the convoy for an hour and a half. Then his petrol ran out, he had to "ditch" his plane. Four minutes later he was picked up safely from the sea.

Not all pilots have been so lucky.

One attempting to pancake on the sea found himself 35 feet beneath the surface. When his plane hit, the engine airscoops filled with seawater, sucked the machine downwards.

"Having previously opened the cockpit roof, I managed to scramble out. I inflated my Mae West and shot upwards, my lungs nearly bursting," he said.

To Prime Minister Churchill goes the credit for the fitting of catapults to steamers, establishing an independent Merchantship Fighter Unit.

The Navy had been using catapult

For days he has probably waited idly on the steamer, but always ready for a split-second ascent, and with the plane's engines always warmed up.

When the enemy is sighted, the pilot takes his seat at the cockpit, accelerates until he is getting a maximum speed, sets the flaps and rudder, raises his arm, signalling "Let go!"

By the time the catapult cradle hits the hydraulic buffers at the forward end of the runway, the Hurricane is airborne, soaring aloft to attack, single-handed perhaps, a swarm of enemy bombers.

Especially is this likely to happen on the Murmansk supply route to Russia, readily accessible to attack by shore-based aircraft. Chances are 100 to 1 on that a catafighter will be called into action during the perpetual daylight of summer on this route.

Normally, once a catafighter has destroyed his enemy, he flies on until

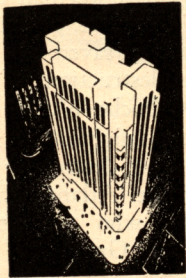
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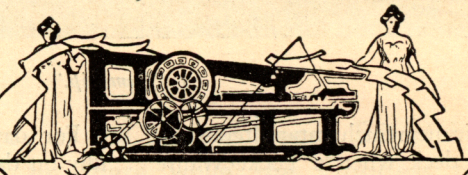
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CARRINGTON AND CUP

Tattersall's Club faces up to the exigencies of wartime with a double bill on January 9 embracing the Carrington Stakes and Club's Cup.

The telescoping of the two days into one and the loss of New Year's Day are accepted, however, by the club's officials as part of the price to be paid for total war and its attendant evils.

For generations, New Year's Day at Randwick has been either Carrington Stakes Day or Tattersall's Cup day, the calendar and days of the week being the deciding factors. For many of those generations the day has been a mixed blessing after ushering in the new year in adequate fashion, but it was a tradition to be maintained—"Tattersall's at Randwick on New Year's Day."

Many a "hangover" was nursed gently and seats were at a premium. This year there will be no Randwick, no New Year as we knew it in the good old days, and probably no "Hang-over"—maybe.

For a brief period there was a hope, unfortunately not materialised, that December 28, the extra holiday replacing New Year's Day, and a racing blank, would be available. The Federal Government, however, was adamant that the regulations must be adhered to with one austere Saturday and nothing other than remaining Saturdays. The club's programme was held up until all hope was crushed and then the seven event combined Carrington and Cup card was published for January 9. At least this is a case of better late than never added to half a loaf is better than none, with a pardonable mixing of metaphor.

Actually combining the two main events of the club's New Year meeting in a one day card will not be an innovation. Away back in the early days, far beyond the ken of present day race-goers, the races were decided on the same day. They followed closely the times when Tattersall's Club first staged races at Randwick as supplementary to those of the Jockey Club.

Now a world war has to come along to set back the clock practically a century.

The Carrington Stakes has a special standard in New South Wales and is regarded as the major test for sprinters. Some great horses have contested the race and none greater in recent years than Greenline, who won in 1928 with 9.13 and three years later with 10.5. In the meantime he proved the standard of the race by winning the Newmarket in 1930 down the Flemington straight with 10.2.

Valicare, one of the fastest mares of the century, won in 1925 with what now looks a luxury weight of 7.4 for she went on to win the Doncaster Handicap with 8.9 at odds-on and carrying over weight-for-age.

Generally the Carrington Stakes as the first leg of a double and a difficult race, has provided a wide range for punters. In 1932, however, Closing Time set a new record, starting at 5 to 4 on and completing his contract.

One wonders to what heights present day commentators would rise if the 1889 Carrington Stakes was attempted. The Gift won in a field of 40! Nowadays a field of half that size is considered enough, and if 30 is approached there is a chorus of disapproval.

Valicare's triumph might be followed after a break of 18 years by a present inmate of the Payten stable in Hesione. History could be repeated for the filly of this year, also a three-year-old, is one of the fastest of her age and sex. Whether she will measure up to the Valicare standard the records will show, but it is unlikely that she will rival Valicare in the esteem of her trainer Bailey Payten. Hesione, the half-sister of Ajax, has been reserved for mid-summer racing, and her training gallops and general appearance are entirely favourable.

From Bangster, a colt of her own age, Hesione might encounter stern

opposition. Bangster, as a Breeders' Plate and Sires' Produce Stakes winner, is completely credentialled, and he has a material advantage over the filly. He has been racing and winning in Newcastle while Hesione has been training on the track.

Bangster has a standard to maintain for The Miller won for Newcastle last year and he, too, might be on hand again.

Last year's minor place-fillers Trimmer and Yaralla could be on hand, but Trimmer is more likely. Yaralla has returned from a respite from racing only within recent weeks and possibly will not be ready even for six furlongs. Trimmer, a hardy old battler, however, is at his best when freshened up for the fray.

Tattersall's Club Cup field this year should be of better standard than in any recent years. Owners are faced with the necessity of grasping any and every opportunity in these times of rationed racing. In normal years some of the best stayers rest through the midsummer, but there is evidence of much activity this year. The forced abstinence with no racing over the New Year week-end will give Summer Cup horses every chance to recover and be fit for their best in Tattersall's Cup.

Last year's Cup was a real nursery for handicap horses. The winner Dewar, went on to success after success, and the runner-up, Grand Fils, was one of the best performers during the racing of the recent spring culminating with his win in The Metropolitan.

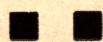
That tried and trusty old warrior Buzalong, who filled third place, has not been seen about for many months. He seems to be one of the casualties of wartime.

Dewar is galloping along at Randwick in preparation for summer racing and he should be on hand on January 9.

In 1936 Spear Prince, a useful galloper from Queensland, scored with 7.1 followed a year later by Auto Buz with 8.9. This year the northern

(Continued on Page 16.)

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The Missionary and the Gangster

About ten years ago I read this story in some anthology. It has no "social significance," it is unashamed entertainment, but by the soul of Dan Chaucer, is it a tale! I wonder if any readers can recall its author and title?

An ageing American missionary returned from New Guinea with a native servant and a zeal to fight gangsterism in his home city, Detroit. His name, I think, was James Wetherby. The servant boy, Moki, did not think Mr. Wetherby any great shakes as a medicine man; the magical feats of his own tribal wizards seemed to him more impressive. But he respected his employer's dignity, venerated his grey hair, and was fond of him in his quiet New Guinea fashion. He was unable to make head or tail of his master's anti-gangster crusade.

Before long, however, an event occurred that made perfectly good sense to Moki. One of the gangsters, known in the underworld as Louey, stole into Wetherby's grounds and, through an open window, shot and seriously wounded the reformer.

Moki was up a tree when the shooting occurred. This was nothing unusual—Moki was given to climbing trees to look about him. He was unable to stop the assassin, but he did get a good look at his face.

With his master in the hospital, Moki—apparently a neatly dressed, undersized and friendly Negro—had abundant time to drift about the city's underworld looking for Louey. It did not take long to find him.

One night soon afterward Louey was posted as lookout while his gang undertook to hold up a roadhouse. When they emerged, Louey failed to appear. One of his friends went to look for him.

Presently came a quavering cry from the searcher: "Here's Louey, but he's lost his noodle!"

Naturally his friends were greatly upset by what seemed a most inhuman variation of gang warfare—the beheading of Louey. Quite a number of gangsters were killed in the subsequent vendetta between Louey's mob and their rivals.

Meanwhile Moki had carried his prize home in a basket. Now was his chance to show what he could do. For this own and his master's honour, he resolved that this should be his magnum opus.

Some months later he looked at his finished work, and saw that it was good. There was only one slight flaw—he had not been able to preserve the pasty hue of Louey's complexion. In fact, Louey's countenance was now nearly as dark as his own. Otherwise its rugged individuality had been superbly maintained.

He took the trophy to the hospital and presented it to his master. Mr. Wetherby thanked him quietly, although with evident sincerity—much to the gratification of the little brown man. The fact that Mr. Wetherby made no great to-do over the gift of his enemy's head showed that he was a very big chief indeed, Moki thought. What he did not know was that Mr. Wetherby had no idea who had shot

him, saw nothing familiar in the dark face, and assumed that the trophy was one Moki had brought with him from New Guinea.

When Wetherby was well enough to go home, he presented the head to the city museum, where it was hung in a place of honour. A few days later one of Louey's mob ducked into the museum to avoid being seen by a member of the rival gang. He took one glance at the new exhibit, his narrow, hard eyes opened to astonishing width, and he quickly withdrew.

During the next week the curator observed that a surprising number of low-browed, pasty-faced, flashily dressed fellows entered the museum, gazed with oddly horrified expressions at the curio, and stole away. He had no idea that Detroit's underworld would display such a lively interest in New Guinea ethnology.

One day the leading gangster of the city came in and engaged him in conversation.

"Where'd you guys get that specimen?" the gangster asked.

"Why, it was presented to the museum by Mr. James Wetherby," the curator answered. "He lived out in the jungles for a long time, and I guess he brought it from there."

"Um."

"Wonderful man, Mr. Wetherby. I guess you've got to be, to get along in the jungle. There's a lot more to him than you'd think."

"I'll say there is."

Thereafter Wetherby lived at peace, served happily by Moki. The word had passed through the length and breadth of the underworld that he was an excellent fellow to let alone.—(*Saturday Review of Literature*.)

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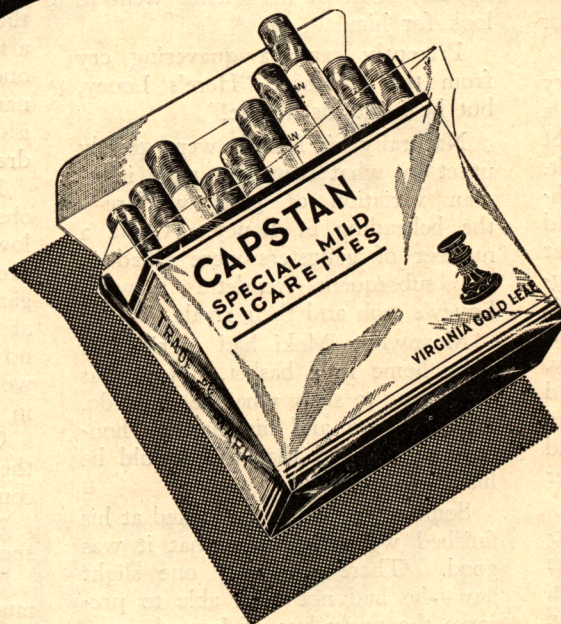
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THE DOG THAT BIT PEOPLE

Probably no one man should have as many dogs in his life as I have had, but there was more pleasure than distress in them for me except in the case of an Airedale named Muggs. He gave me more trouble than all the other fifty-five put together. He really wasn't my dog, as a matter of fact; I came home from a vacation one summer to find that my brother Roy had bought him while I was away. A big, burly, choleric dog, he always acted as if he thought I wasn't one of the family. There was a slight advantage in being one of the family, for he didn't bite the family as often as he bit strangers. We used to take turns feeding him to be on his good side, but that didn't always work. In the years that we had him he bit everybody but Mother, and he made a pass at her once but missed. Angered one

day because Muggs refused to chase rats in the panty, Mother slapped him and he slashed at her, but didn't make it. He was sorry immediately, Mother said. He was always sorry, she said, after he bit someone, but could not understand how she figured this out. He didn't act sorry.

Mother used to send a box of candy every Christmas to the people the Airedale bit. The list finally contained forty or more names. Nobody could understand why we didn't get rid of the dog. I think that one or two people tried to poison Muggs—he acted poisoned once in a while—and old Major Moberley fired at him once with his service revolver near the Seneca Hotel in East Broad Street—but Muggs lived to be almost eleven years old and even when he could hardly get around he bit a congressman who had called to

see my father on business. My mother had never liked the congressman—she said the signs of his horoscope showed he couldn't be trusted—but she sent him a box of candy that Christmas. He sent it right back, probably because he suspected it was trick candy. Mother persuaded herself it was all for the best even though Father lost an important business connection because of it. "I wouldn't be associated with such a man," Mother said. "Muggs could read him like a book."

Muggs never bit anyone more than once at a time. Mother always mentioned that as an argument in his favour; she said he had a quick temper but that he didn't hold a grudge. She was forever defending him. I think she liked him because he wasn't well. "He's not strong," she would

(Continued on Page 16.)

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The Dog that Bit People

(Continued from Page 15.)

say pityingly, but that was inaccurate; he may not have been well but he was terribly strong. One time Mother went to call on a woman mental healer who lectured on the subject of "Harmonious Vibrations." She wanted to find out if it was possible to get harmonious vibrations into a dog. "He's a large tan-coloured Airedale," Mother explained. The woman said that she had never treated a dog, but she advised my mother to hold the thought that he did not bite and would not bite. Mother was holding the thought the very next morning when Muggs got the iceman, but she blamed that on the iceman. "If you didn't think he would bite you, he wouldn't," Mother told him. He stomped out of the house in a terrible jangle of vibrations.

One morning when Muggs bit me slightly, more or less in passing, I reached down and grabbed his short stumpy tail and hoisted him into the air. It was a foolhardy thing to do. As long as I held the dog off the floor by his tail he couldn't get at me, but he twisted and jerked so, snarling all the time, that I realised I couldn't hold him that way very long. I carried him to the kitchen and flung him on to the floor and shut the door on him just as he crushed against it.

But I forgot about the back stairs. Muggs went up the back stairs and down the front stairs and had me cornered in the living room. I managed to get up on to the mantelpiece above the fireplace, but it gave way and came down with a tremendous crash, throwing a large marble clock, several vases and myself heavily to the floor.

Muggs was so alarmed by the racket that when I picked myself up he had disappeared. We couldn't find him anywhere, although we whistled and shouted, until old Ms. Detweiler called after dinner that night. Muggs had bitten her once, in the leg and she came into the living room only after we assured her that Muggs had run away. She

had just seated herself when, with a great growling and scratching of claws, Muggs emerged from under a davenport where he had been quietly hiding all the time, and bit her again. Mother examined the bite and put arnica on it and told Mrs. Detweiler that it was only a bruise. "He just bumped you," she said. But Mrs. Detweiler left the house in a nasty state of mind.

Lots of people reported our Airedale to the police but my father held a municipal office at the time and was on friendly terms with them. The cops suggested that it might be a good idea to tie the dog up, but Mother said it mortified him to be tied up and that he wouldn't eat when he was tied up.

In his last year Muggs used to spend practically all of his time outdoors. He didn't like to stay in the house for some reason or other—perhaps it held too many unpleasant memories for him. Anyway, it was hard to get him to come in and as a result the garbage man, the iceman and the laundryman wouldn't come near the house. We had to haul the garbage to the corner, take the laundry out and bring it back, and meet the iceman a block from home.

After this had gone on for some time we hit on an ingenious arrangement for getting the dog in the house so that we could lock him up while the gas meter was read, and so on. Muggs was afraid of only one thing, an electrical storm. Thunder and lightning frightened him out of his senses (I think he thought a storm had broken the day the mantelpiece fell). He would rush into the house and hide under a bed or in a clothes closet. So we fixed up a thunder machine out of a long, narrow piece of sheet iron with a wooden handle on one end. Mother would shake this vigorously when she wanted to get Muggs into the house. It made an excellent imitation of thunder, but I suppose it was the most roundabout system for running a household ever devised. It took a lot out of Mother.

A few months before Muggs died, he got to 'seeing things.' He would rise slowly from the floor, growling low, and stalk stiff-legged and menacing towards nothing at all. Sometimes the Thing would be just a little to the right or left of a visitor. Once a Fuller Brush salesman got hysterics. Muggs came wandering into the room like Hamlet following his father's ghost. His eyes were fixed on a spot just to the left of the Fuller Brush man, who stood it until Muggs was about three slow, creeping paces from him. Then he shouted. Muggs wavered on past him into the hallway, grumbling to himself, but Mother had to throw a pan of cold water on the Fuller man before he stopped shouting.

Muggs died quite suddenly one night. Mother wanted to bury him in the family lot under a marble stone with some such inscription as "Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest," but we persuaded her it was against the law. In the end we just put up a smooth board above his grave along a lonely road. On the board I wrote with an indelible pencil "Cave Canem." Mother was quite pleased with the simple classic dignity of the old Latin epitaph. (From *My Life and Times*, by James Thurber.)

Carrington and Cup

(Continued from Page 11.)

State might be worthily represented by Lord Spear, a well-performed galloper who is coming to his best. If he succeeds in Tattersall's Cup he will add another cup event to a family who has excelled in that class of event. Lord Spear is trained by W. A. Tucker, whose father W. J. Tucker has possibly a record. He trained, and in some cases owned, eleven Cup winners, five Brisbane Cups, and six Queensland Cups.

While the club has been deprived of its right to New Year's Day, it has preserved the claim, if belated, to opening the New Year.

Its fixture on January 9 will be the first in Sydney for 1943. One wonders what 1944 will bring us.

CHARLES KINSELA

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YASS

THE name of Australia's greatest bushman, Hamilton Hume, is synonymous with the discovery of Yass.

This great explorer, born at Parramatta in 1797, made his first attempt at exploration at the age of 17 years, when he crossed the Razor Back Ranges, and then in 1821, in company with his brother and others, he discovered the Yass plains.

The native name for the district was "Warrumbalulah," meaning "Running Water," but it is said that the name "Yass" originated from the word "Yarr" or "Yaas" being the affirmative given to Hume by a black boy to whom he put the question as to whether he could sight a river or plains—this during the explorer's discovery of the district.

A grand old lady—"Old Granny Davis" as she was latterly called, not out of any disrespect, but because her daughters-in-law were grandmothers also—was the first white woman to cross the "Gap," and for the sake of her family, to brave the perils of the unknown country with its wild blacks, also escaped and desperate convicts.

Many descendants of this family live in the district to-day.

A roll call of pioneers at Yass would include: George Barber, brother-in-law to Hamilton Hume, and also Thomas Rose of Mount Giliad, who first established water conservation in Australia.

Pioneer families included the O'Briens, the McKinnons, the Halls, the Terreys, the Davis family, the Ledgers, the McCallums, the Julians and many others. All honour to these sturdy fearless men and women.

As the district came to be more and more known, gradually all tracks converged at a crossing point on the Yass River, and thus, in common with the many other towns in this State, a teamsters' camp became the site for a township which was gazetted as early as 1837, the first building being the inn known as "Henley's."

In those early and adventurous days, beligerent natives were not the only trouble to be met with, for marauding bands of white outcasts often terrorised the district.

From about 1826 to 1839 speculation in sheep created entirely false values so that a drought which occurred at that time was followed by the monetary crisis of the early 1840's.

It was then that Henry O'Brien of Douro, Yass, a widely travelled intelligent man, sensing widespread disaster, decided to

establish a boiling-down works. This proved an overwhelming success, and it is not too much to say that boiling down saved the pastoral industry in the 1840's.

Early banking methods in Yass were most primitive and at one time the leading storekeepers in the town, John Watson and Harrison and Laidlaw, to oblige their customers, were compelled to become pseudo-bankers.

Thomas Laidlaw was also the first officially appointed Postmaster at Yass in 1850 at a salary of £20 a year, and nine years later he was elected Member in the first Legislative Assembly of N.S.W.

The first newspaper, the "Yass Courier," was established in 1854; the present paper, the "Yass Tribune Courier," commenced in 1879.

As far back as 1858 citizens of Yass, at public meetings, urged strongly that steps should be taken for incorporation under the Act for creating Municipalities. Despite this agitation and desire for civil progress, however, incorporation did not come to the town for another 15 years, for not until 1873 was Yass proclaimed a Municipality, with James Cottrell unanimously elected as first Mayor.

A notable event was that of telegraphic communication with Goulburn and Sydney, commenced in August 1858, the apparatus at that time being housed in the Royal Hotel at Yass.

As early as 1862 the fine quality of wool from the district was rewarded—winning the Bronze Medal for wool at the London Exhibition of that year.

In the year of incorporation, 1873, came the passing of one of our greatest explorers—Hamilton Hume—who died at his homestead, Cooma Cottage, three miles from Yass, on 19th April, aged 76.

The Southern Railway line was opened as far as Bowning in 1876, but the connection between Yass and Yass Junction by train was not made until 1892, and in that year the Gas Works were established.

Further progress came in the proclamation of the Shire in 1906, the first Councillors being Richard A. Maund, Richard Julian, Richard Stean, W. E. Taylor, W. T. Merriman and C. F. Walker.

Lord Forster in 1922 visited Yass and laid the foundation of the splendid Soldiers' Memorial Hall, and five years later electric light and power were reticulated.

Names associated with latter day progress of Yass include A. B. Triggs, to whose memory Memorial Gates were erected, and George Merriman, senior, whose family are a progressive force in the wool industry.

Yass is the centre of a district which might be termed "The home of wool," and it has been said "droughts in the true sense of the word are unknown here and total crop failures are not on record."

The district is in the front rank as a producer of high-grade merino wool, always eagerly sought after.

The area carries many thousands of sheep, and in a lesser proportion cattle and horses; it is also eminently adapted for mixed farming, dairying and fruit growing, whilst the acreage under grain, oats and established lucerne is considerable.

Truly rich lands, and in a charming setting, close to the Federal Capital.

The Yass of to-day is a fine town, with wide streets, attractive public buildings, up-to-date business premises and modern municipal services, including the splendid water supply and the handsome Hume bridge.

It is a far cry from the days when in 1821 Hamilton Hume discovered the Yass Plains, then wild and uninhabited except by tribes of blacks, to the modern setting of to-day, and the story of the progress of this important centre on the Hume Highway is linked with the heroic efforts of its early pioneers to whom true honour and tribute is due.



The **RURAL BANK**
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Yass Branch.